

Make Me Bigger
Part 3 - Tight Clothes

Two months later...

If you asked Gina to describe what her last two months were like, she would probably tell you something along the lines of “delicious”. During this time, Sally didn’t stop introducing her to new foods. She tried out pizza for the first time, triple chocolate ice cream, milkshakes, filled-to-the-brim-burritos, and so much more.

At some point during the first month, Gina started feeling... different. She didn't know what was happening to her at first, like an odd *something* that doesn't like to show itself. It wasn't until she looked in the mirror that day that a bump in her gut caught her attention, bump that kept on growing right in front of her eyes. She grew a habit of placing a paw over it while eating, feeling it gently stretch outward with each bite she swallowed. Sally started calling her “Muffin” when the second month started, complimenting her tight muffin top that only got squishier with time. Gina constantly analyzed her waist, legs and chest in the mirror, seeing herself for the first time with a rounder figure, a figure that highlighted her shy belly over everything else.

Her shirt eventually gave up on fully covering her stomach, slowly showing more and more of it as it stretched outwards. It has only gotten up a little, though, but it was something Gina felt odd about, because she wanted to see more. Still, her shirt still fit her *fine*, unlike her jeans, which were pressing her so tightly now that she had trouble breathing most of the day.

“You have to keep them on!” Sally insisted “It helps me track your progress”

That was a lie. Having Gina step on the scale, seeing her blood pressure, and feeding her the “Fatso” (as she'd called it) diet was what helped her monitor Gina. But the clothes were for something else, to have better milestones. Gina has to break out of her old self, and she is getting there, tightly...

Today, Gina is eating chips while in a work meeting. She has her camera off, so she doesn’t care one bit about all the chip dust spread in her snout. Bags of chips have been slowly piling on in her desk. She used to pick them up, but doing so has slowly stopped being a priority, and given that Sally didn't really go in there made Gina feel like the effort wasn't worth it. That was something that Sally hadn't predicted (or noticed at that point): Gina becoming a slob. She's been slowly chewing more and more with her mouth open, there have been days where all she does is watch videos, snack, and eat the three meals a day Sally gives her. Though neither her or Sally really care about it, as long as she does the exercise routine Sally gives her she should stay healthy enough to be fine.

Right now, she’s breathing through her mouth, munching away at some chips while watching a very passionate dude talk about company stocks. She is already smelling the food Sally is preparing, daydreaming about it.

“I’m so hungry,” She thought.

She looked down at her belly, squished against her jeans. It looked so... cute, she thought to herself. It was just enough to make her look a bit chubby, and she loved it. Some days she still doubted if she'd really getting heavier, but she just kept feeling better as the pounds crept into her and her figure. She was discovering a side to herself she hadn’t had

the pleasure of meeting yet, and she didn't know how much of it she was still to meet. Right now, all she knows is that she's feeling unusually hungry, and the rumbling of her belly is making sure to let her know about it.

Fast forward a few minutes and boom, the meeting's over. Gina leaves the call and quickly eats the remaining chips on the bag. As she does that, a voice sounds, calling for her.

"Gina, lunch is ready!" Sally announced.

Gina went flying out of her room. If anything, at the very least the exercise routine had kept her somewhat active, though that doesn't stop her from feeling winded when she arrives at the dining room.

"Hello, Muffin" Gina welcomed her with a smile.

Gina blushed, sometimes forgetting what she was becoming.

"What... are we... WOW... I'm... out of breath" She said.

Sally laughed.

"We are having a surprise" She answered.

Gina smelled the air, trying to guess.

"A chicken surprise?"

"A special chicken surprise"

Without saying more, Sally left for the kitchen and Gina took her seat. As she sat on her chair, Gina could feel her belly cut tightly in her jeans. It was too much for her, but Sally insisted that she could only take them off for showering, something that has slowly become less of a habit for her.

Without taking too long, Sally came back with a tray of food, putting it in front of Gina, who then reached over to uncover what was hidden within it—as she'd grown accustomed to—when Sally unexpectedly stopped her.

"Hold on" She said, placing her paw on top of the tray before leaving once more for the kitchen.

To Gina's surprise, Sally came back with two more trays of food, one in each hand, and then placed them on each side of the original one.

"Sally, what is this?" Asked Gina.

"Your meal!" She said "I know it's more than usual, but I think your gut has enough space to handle it!"

Gina looked at the trays. She did feel really hungry, and whatever was in there smelled wonderfully. She uncovered the trays. One had a full roasted chicken, another one had a complete order of boneless wings bathed heavily in ranch, and the last one held a plate full of smashed potatoes. These were three different meals. She couldn't have three meals! Though, she could go with the chicken...

Without saying another word, Gina reached for the roasted chicken and tore off one of its legs. Sally stepped to the side, said "Bonne appetit", and took a seat to enjoy her salad.

Gina took her first bite, immediately feeling a wave of pleasure run through her entire body as its juices invaded her mouth. She placed one paw over her tight belly, feeling the food take place on her stomach. She took another bite, even bigger than the last one, and grabbed the drink that was to her side without even seeing what it was, gulping a big sip of that cookie & cream milkshake to flush it all down. Her belly pushed forward ever so slightly.

"Sally, this is delicious!" She complimented with a full mouth.

She quickly finished that leg... and then the next one. She occasionally took a serving of the smashed potatoes, stuffing it into her mouth at the same time as the chicken to mix both flavors. It tasted so good she just wanted to eat it for the flavor, for that gentle push to her belly, but her jeans were becoming a growing issue. They were hurting, both her and them, but she tried to ignore it. With each bite, they got tighter, stretching more and more to points they were never supposed to get to in the first place. She thought that she would always have to deal with it, "What is Sally expecting me to do?" she thought, while taking a big, fat, greedy bite of chicken. She then reached over to her milkshake, taking a long, careless gulp of it. The delicious sweet liquid traveled down her gullet, reaching her stomach, and then stretching it out just a little bit, causing her struggling jeans shake and then crumble to the force of all her flab. Her hand feeling her growth was met by an unexpected wall of doughy belly, newly released from its clothing prison as it bounced a little in its place. But Gina didn't care. Her belly being released simply gave her a second wind. She felt like she had more space for food, space she had to fill.

Sally looked at her friend, amazed. She was pigging out, and with no care about it either. She just wanted more, to enjoy each and every single bite as if it was her last. The roasted chicken was gone, and, without even stopping to think about it, Gina jumped onto the boneless wings. Her fingers, shirt and slightly puffed cheeks got stained with the sweet sauce while she chewed her meal, licking her fingers and even picking some of the fallen sauce up with her tongue. Eventually, even that was gone, and the smashed potatoes went with it.

Gina took a long sip of her milkshake, finishing it off. And, as the big closure to her meal, she let out the littlest of burps. She laid back on her chair, winded and trying to catch air back, with one of her hands resting on her belly.

"How are you feeling?" Sally asked.

"Wonderful" She answered.

Then, Gina's eyes opened wide with realization, looking at her jeans.

"Oh no!" She said, trying to close them even though the button was completely gone.

She tried to put both ends together, but her own pudgy stopped her from doing so, standing strong between both flaps. She squished herself trying to pull them together, but her own chub proved to be too much for her to be able to do anything. Sally laughed at the sight of her friend playing with her belly like that, trying to fix something that was meant to happen.

"Don't worry about it" She said "Here"

She stood up, opening a drawer in the living room and taking out some light red pants.

"I bought these some days ago" She said "Take them as a trophy for your progress".

Gina looked at her, and then proceeded to stand up. She immediately stumbled, taken off by her weight. However, what she didn't expect was to feel a strange giggle in her belly. Because of how constricted it was before, it didn't really have the freedom to do so. But, now? Her belly bounced gently with each step she took, and she liked it. She took the pants from Sally.

"I'll go put these on, then" She said "Thank you for the food, Sally"

Sally giggled.

"No problem, Muffin".

Gina left, going straight into her room's restroom. She took off her jeans, and put on the pants. They were a little big, though she guessed that was probably for the better. She then

looked at a mirror she had there. Her shirt was still holding on, but it now didn't even cover her belly button. As for her belly, it was bigger than she thought. She had a round, tight gut peeking out of her shirt. It was crazy for her to think that just two months ago she used to not have it at all, that these were the results of a new her that she was still discovering. Just the thought of it got her excited. How much could she earn in the remaining four months?

She held the sides of her belly, squishing her own fat between her fingers and feeling great about it. After that, she launched herself into her bed, taking a nap that lasted until dinner.